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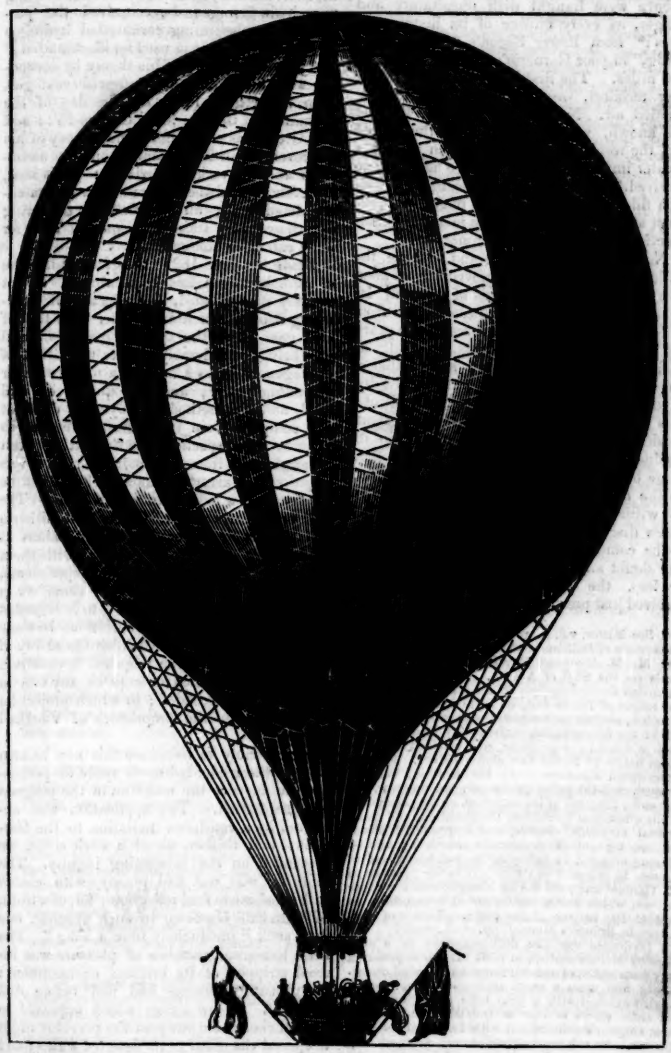

THE VAUXHALL BALLOON.

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AERONAUTICS, or Ballooning, has of late years attracted a very considerable portion of public curiosity. The early experiments in the science were fraught with uncertainty and danger, as every outline of its history narrates;* from Roger Bacon's "machine for flying," to poor Garnerin's perilous voyage of 300 miles. The first balloons, as the reader may recollect, were inflated with heated or rarefied air. Next, hydrogen, the lightest gas known, was substituted for the heated air, the result of which application proved a greater impetus than the science had hitherto received. Indeed, the first ascent in a balloon filled with hydrogen gas made in 1783, must still be regarded as the most important practical improvement in aeronautics.

Nevertheless, with this grand advance, the balloon has unfortunately proved but an abortive instrument in the hands of science.† Its construction, at all times expensive, was from the above period till within these fifteen years, too costly to reward aeronauts, especially as their labours led to no result beyond that of an exhibition of skill to gratify curiosity. Hydrogen gas, though a successful substitute, was somewhat too costly for mere amusement. Besides, there was some uncertainty in its production in sufficient volume to inflate large balloons.‡ This uncertainty often led to the disappointment of crowds assembled to witness balloon ascents, and altogether threw discredit upon persons who professed to be competent to insure success. Hence the doubt and incredulity with which, more or less, the balloon announcements were received just previous to the year 1821.

About this period, Mr. Green, (the architect of the Balloon we are about to describe,) had first turned his attention to Aeronautics. In his early experiments, "seeing the great expense, difficulty, and inconvenience of using pure hydrogen gas, he conceived the possibility of substituting carburetted hydrogen or coal gas, such as is used for illumination;" and proved the truth of his theory by ascending with his balloon inflated with coal gas, from the Green Park, on the day of the coronation of the late King George IV.; and Mr. Green has since shown the efficacy of his improvement in 220 ascents from the metropolis and the various provinces: he is now, therefore, an air-beaten sailor; and has encountered many an ill wind in gathering experience and success to qualify him for more extensive labours.

From the year 1821, therefore, "the use of pure hydrogen has been almost, if not entirely discontinued, the expense of generating it being six times greater than that of coal gas. But, the specific gravity of coal gas being considerably greater than that of hydrogen, it gives a balloon a much smaller ascending power; and the quality of coal used, and the method employed by different gas companies, in its manufacture are so various, (the specific gravity having been found to vary from 340 to 790,) that it was impossible to ascertain exactly what would be the power of a balloon inflated with it." The balloons in which Mr. Green had hitherto ascended, were of such small dimensions as not to allow scientific men to take with them sufficient apparatus for making experiments, which circumstance Mr. Green considers to have caused balloons, generally, to be regarded as mere objects of public exhibition. In some measure, therefore, to establish the utility of aeronautics, Mr. Green proposed to construct a balloon three times as large as any one in which he had ascended; in which project he was joined by the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens.

Our anxiety to introduce this new balloon early to the reader led us to apply for permission to inspect the machine in the progress of construction. The application was answered by a courteous invitation to the Gardens; and thither, about a week since, we proceeded on the interesting inquiry. The morning was wet and plashy, with clouds and sunshine to feed reflection; for, of a truth, in Vauxhall Gardens, in such weather, one may suck "melancholy from a song." The little terrestrial paradise of pleasure was indeed stripped of its brilliant enchantment; its pleasing illusions had fled before dull daylight. A few lamps which appeared to have flickered out early on the previous night deepened the effect of its deserted walks; and as we paced them in fond recollection of the olden glories of the place, we almost fancied

* See Mirror, vol. ii., p. 250, for a rapid sketch of the history of Balloons and Parachutes.

† M. M. Biot and Gay-Lussac embarked from Paris on the 23rd of August, 1804, upon an aerial excursion devoted entirely to scientific inquiry. At the height of 13,000 feet, no peculiarity appeared to attach to electric or magnetic phenomena. On the 5th of the following September, Gay-Lussac undertook a second voyage alone, and attained the enormous height of 23,040 feet above the sea. Here he experienced excessive cold; his breathing was oppressed, and the pulse quickened; he, however, did not suffer the peril of his situation, or the peculiarity of his sensations to distract his attention, and made several magnetic, electric, and hygrometric observations, without either novel or interesting results. Having alighted in safety in the neighbourhood of Rouen, he returned to Paris, and in the presence of M. Thenard analyzed the air brought from the upper regions, which proved analogous in composition to that at the surface of the earth.—History of Chemistry, in Brande's Manual, pp. cxxii., cxxiii.

‡ Hydrogen was first duly examined in a pure state by Mr. Cavendish, in 1766. It can be procured only from water, of which it forms an essential constituent; and upon a small scale as follows: into a phial, furnished with a bent tube fitted to its cork, put some pieces of zinc or iron wire, and pour on them sulphuric acid diluted with five times its bulk of water. An effervescence will ensue, occasioned by the decomposition of the water, and disengagement of hydrogen, which may be collected in the pneumatic apparatus.

the spirits of Hogarth and Hayman hovering around the saloons which their genius had peopled with scenes of motley life. In vain, however, we looked for any remains of their paintings within the supper-boxes: the damp of the atmosphere had so effaced many of them, that, a few years since the whole were removed, happily in time to preserve a few in good condition. The fresco decorations of the buildings appeared gay but garish, especially when lit up by the sun through an occasional rain-cloud; and the unpeopled orchestra, in the monotony of silence, fostered our musings in the recollection of the sweet sounds that were wont to gush forth from beneath its canopy. As contrast excites mirth, so it aids melancholy: instead of melody and smiles, we heard and saw around this little temple a few flittering leaves brought to the ground by a gusty September wind! Rotunda, saloon, pavilion, theatre, and banquet room—the wide promenade, the miniature wood, and the retired walk—all were silent, echoing but to our footfall and the noisy wind, or to our inquiry "Where are the friends of our youth?"—"Where are they?"

But we were soon relieved from these reflections by the novel object of our visit; for, crossing the Rotunda, and a kind of portico, (in which, by the way, are a few of the original paintings in excellent preservation,*) we reached the building wherein was *the Balloon*; and which was originally the saloon wherein the Pandean band were wont to discourse on their mellifluous pipes. Mythology and the Balloon were no bad associates. Here, half-prostrate on the flooring, lay the huge leviathan of silk, the bag nearly half inflated with the atmosphere, the valve aperture at the top, and the opening at the neck being closed with wooden lids. Here too, we met Mr. Green, in excellent spirits on having nearly completed his balloon, after "many months of anxiety and labour," and in pleasant anticipation of the success of his first ascent.

The Balloon is 150 feet in circumference; and the extreme height of the whole, when inflated, and with the car attached, Mr. Green stated, would be 80 feet.† It is formed of 2,000 yards of silk, imported raw from Italy, in part, dyed crimson by Messrs. Jaques, and manufactured by Messrs. Soper, of Spitalfields. The silk is cut in forty-four gores, alternately crimson and white; their length is 90 feet; they are joined by each overlaying the other, and being doubly stitched; and the seams are overlaid by a cement of such a tenacious nature, that, when once dry, the joint becomes the strongest part; this cement or varnish filling up the minute space left by the many thousand stitches, which might otherwise allow some escape of gas. The whole of the silk is also coated with a kind of varnish, formed of caoutchouc dissolved in turpentine, and mixed with a certain proportion of boiled oil, the manufacture of which appertains to Mr. Green's *arcana* of balloon-making. The wooden covering being removed from the neck of the bag, we were invited within the vast machine, on condition of taking off our boots, to prevent injury to the silk; but were content to stoop and take a view of the interior of the vast hemispheroid. The effect was, indeed, striking; the light from the openings in the building streaming through the alternate gores of crimson and yellow, half the number having assumed that colour from the varnish. The appearance of so vast a roof, unsupported save by air, and ever and anon rising and falling in graceful undulations, reminded us of the strict analogy of the atmosphere to a fluid. As festive associations are inseparable from Vauxhall, we thought a table might be spread for a "goodly companie" beneath this fairy-like vault, redolent, as it was, of boiled oil.

It has been mentioned that the bag was scarcely half filled: the weight of atmospheric air sufficient to inflate it, would be about 5,346 lbs.; while the silk so inflated would sustain an atmospheric pressure of 20,433,600 lbs.; or 9,122 tons. To inflate the bag with pure hydrogen gas, would require about 364 lbs., at a cost of about 250*l.*; the machine would then have an ascending power of 4,982 lbs.; and allowing 700 lbs. for the weight of silk and apparatus, and 362 lbs. for ballast, it would ascend with 28 persons of the average weight of 140 lbs. each. Now, the cost of the 70,000 feet of coal gas is but 70*l.*; this, indeed, is an extraordinary charge, being at the rate of 20*s.* for every 1,000 feet, although the gas for lighting streets or shops is charged at 9*s.* for every 1,000 feet. Unless the balloon gas be of purer quality than the latter kind, the Company supplying it cannot be commended for their liberality towards experimental science.

Having inspected the silken bag, we were shown the valve, of leather upon wooden framework, and thickly coated with the var-

when inflated, and was filled in only seventeen minutes.

* Among these are whole-length portraits of George the Third and Queen Charlotte, presented to Old Tyers, we were informed by the Sovereign, who, on a visit to the Gardens, inquired of Jonathan, in his usual, frank manner, what he could do for him: Tyers loyally replied, a portrait of His Majesty would be most acceptable, and the King, in consequence, presented the above pictures. We omitted to notice them in our description of Vauxhall Gardens, in the Mirror, vol. xvi., p. 137.

† We believe this to be the largest balloon ever constructed for inflation with pure hydrogen, or with coal gas. Some of the balloons for heated air were, however, of much larger dimensions. Thus, in 1784, a balloon of prodigious size was constructed at Lyons, being nearly 130 feet high, above 105 feet in diameter, and containing 540,000 cubic feet of rarefied air. It required more than fifty men to retain it

nish. Beside lay the net for enveloping the silk—an excellent specimen, by the way, of hempen manufacture.

We now crossed the Grove, and ascended to one of the octagonal supper-rooms, wherein was the car for the Balloon. It is of oblong form, with elliptical ends, somewhat deep, and having a seat around it, the whole being of strong basket-work; and to insure safety, the cords by which the car is attached to the silk bag, are plaited with the wicker. At each end of the car, is the head of a colossal eagle, richly gilt. The draperies for the covering of the car were in readiness; they are of purple and crimson velvet, richly embroidered. The apartment had much of the appearance of the property-room of a theatre, being crowded with the scenic accessories employed in the Gardens. And here, though the rain fell fast, the associations of the place were so riveting, notwithstanding the gloom out of doors, that, as Sterne did at Paris, "we walked gravely up to the window, and, looking through the glass, saw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleasure."

The ascent of this stupendous Balloon took place at the Gardens, on Friday, the 9th inst. The day, "big with the fate," was auspicious in the morning; but, at two o'clock, the weather changed, and from that time until half-past four, it rained incessantly. The Balloon having been removed to a piece of ground adjoining the firework walk, the inflation commenced at ten minutes past eleven, and in the space of twelve minutes the Balloon possessed sufficient power to support itself. Thirty-six policemen were then placed around it, each taking charge of one of the cords connected with the network. In about an hour, an iron half-hundred weight was also attached to each cord, and, shortly after, five more in different parts, making in all forty-one weights of 56 lbs. each. These were soon three feet from the ground, and the policemen were compelled to pass their staves through several of the meshes to prevent the cords cutting their hands. This combined resistance was, however, found insufficient; and twenty other persons were called to assist the policemen. By this time, Mr. Green calculates that the netting and silk must have absorbed 300 lbs. weight of water, besides the quantity retained on the top of the Balloon, by the pressure of the net on the silk, each mesh forming a small reservoir. The inflation was superintended by Mr. Hutchinson, engineer to the London Gas Company, and was completed, under all unfavourable circumstances, in four hours and five minutes. The labour of attaching the car to the net was now commenced, and from the shrinkage of the ropes by the wet, and the adjustment requisite at the first ascent, occupied some time. Twenty-four bags of ballast, weighing together 400 lbs. were then placed in the bottom of the car, and the grapple, or anchor was laid in: this is of wrought iron, and was attached to an elastic, caoutchouc cord, from the factory of Mr. Sievier, which will, in a great measure, prevent any sudden jerk in stopping the Balloon in rough weather, whereby many accidents have occurred. The Balloon being now ready, the party took their seats in the car: there were nine persons: Mr. Green; Mrs. Green; Miss Mary Anne Green, niece of Mr. Green; Mr. James Green, his brother; Captain Currie; Mr. Hildyard; Mr. Holland; and Mr. Edwin Gye, and Mr. William Hughes, sons of the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens.

The appearance of the Balloon was truly magnificent; and though ponderous, nothing could exceed its graceful beauty; as shown in the previous Engraving, from a clever lithograph, by Mr. Cocks, the artist to the Gardens. It should, however, be remarked that the network has been added.

Mr. Green had calculated the ascending power of the Balloon from the average specific gravity of the gas made by the different companies, and found it to be considerably more than he announced to the public: for, it was found, that, instead of carrying up from eight to ten persons, the number stated, there was buoyancy enough to take up twenty persons. Mr. Green was, therefore, compelled to allow about 15,000 feet of gas, (more than one-fifth of the whole power,) to escape, before he could release the Balloon from its moorings; the ascending power being much too great, and there not being room in the car for more voyagers. To this circumstance is to be ascribed the apparent smallness of the Balloon to the distant spectators, and the absence of that regularity of form which is at all times to be remarked in an inflated body. All being now ready, the signal-gun was fired, the ropes were cut, and the Balloon shot rapidly into the nether regions. Mr. Green's narrative of the voyage is subjoined:—

"We proceeded at first to the east, but soon took a south-easterly direction, leaving Greenwich and Woolwich to the left. The gardens and every avenue leading to them appeared to be one solid mass of human beings; in fact, there was not an elevated spot within two miles of the metropolis which was not crowded with spectators. We had ascended about three-quarters of a mile when we found ourselves in a brilliant sunshine, which formed a strong contrast to the dense and clouded atmosphere we had just left. The gas now expanded rapidly, and the silk, down to the bottom of the neck, was completely distended. We, of course, ascended with great velocity, and in less than five minutes, the fall of the mercury in the barometer indicated a height of two miles and a quarter; this was our greatest elevation, and it being nearly dark, I thought it unadvisable to ascend higher; therefore, suffering a small portion of gas to escape from the valve, we commenced our descent. We were now nearly opposite Gravesend, and had crossed the Thames several times. The grappling iron or anchor first touched the ground near the village of Cliffe, in Kent, and, after slightly catching

several times, took a firm hold. A slight breeze springing up at this moment, the jerk caused the hoop to which the grapple cord was attached to give way, which rendered it necessary to open the valve very wide. This done, the car soon touched the ground. We then drifted about a hundred yards, and the valve being kept open, the stupendous machine, which so lately exhibited its giant power, lay motionless on the ground.

"All my companions expressed the greatest delight during the voyage, and enjoyed themselves much; indeed, so loud was their mirth several times that I had some difficulty in making my directions audible; for I assigned a duty to each, such as watching the rise or fall of the mercury in the barometer and thermometer, throwing out ballast, &c. Being forced to take such a large quantity of ballast, we found the car too small; but a new one, much larger, will be constructed for the next ascent. We slept at the village of Cliffe, proceeding to Gravesend yesterday, (Saturday,) morning, and arrived in town at ten o'clock at night. C. GREEN."

Among the advantages to be gained from the vast increase in the dimensions of this Balloon, Mr. Green states the following: a much greater elevation will be attained than has hitherto been, and the long agitated question decided as to whether there are at a great altitude, currents of air in one direction for several months together. This, Mr. Green, from many observations he has made, believes to be the case at an altitude where the atmosphere is not acted upon by the reflection of the sun's rays from the earth, or dense masses of clouds. Should this theory be correct, a grand step in the progress of Aeronautics will be made. Before the next ascent of this Balloon, a larger car will, doubtless, be provided; and Mr. Green proposes to construct, for scientific purposes, a small chamber, to be attached in place of the car, in which from three to six persons can ascend, with ample space and convenience for experimental apparatus.

It should be added that the records of Aeronautics present few instances of such success as has rewarded Mr. Green and the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, in the construction of this vast Balloon. The enterprize has, in every particular, been so well managed, that too much credit can scarcely be given to the skill, experience, and liberality of the respective parties. More than was promised has been performed to the public; so that their patronage has, in every instance, been well bestowed upon this costly experiment. The expense of constructing the Balloon is calculated at 2,100*l.*; the expense of the silk, which is of excellent quality, was 700*l.*

Appended to the *Observer* newspaper report of the ascent, we find the following statement:—"A calculation, which, we have been informed, was made by several scientific gentlemen after the ascent, has shown this result—that if the Balloon be fully inflated with pure hydrogen gas, and not by carburetted hydrogen or coal gas, as in ordinary cases, it will enable an elevation of fifteen miles in altitude. Assuming this to be the fact, and the system of calculation in these matters has been reduced as nearly to a positive certainty as possible, the party going up would attain a height of somewhat about ten miles more than that of any mountain which has yet been discovered—even of those in Peru, which are about five miles from the base to the summit."

As the London Meteorological Society is about to be revived, may not some further inquiries respecting the uses of Balloons be a fit subject for their consideration; so that Aeronautics may hereafter take rank above a scientific amusement.

The Naturalist.

ON THE LONGEVITY OF ANIMALS.

(*Continued from page* 135.)

THE raven, (*Corvus corax,*) if we might credit Hesiod, lives one hundred and eight times as long as man, which implies, allowing, as is usual, seventy years to be the common extent of human life, that it lives seven thousand five hundred and sixty years. In the *Athenian Sport*, (1707,) p. 412, it is said, "the raven is so continent, that it is observed to live six hundred years without a male, if her own happen to be killed." Rennie thinks it lives but one hundred and eight years. Bacon says it sometimes lives one hundred years.—(*Hist. Life*, p. 10.) Buffon says that ravens, which birds, he observes, have, from the earliest times, and in all countries, been regarded as birds of great longevity, have, in several parts of France, been known to reach the age of one hundred years.—(*Histoire Naturelle des Oiseaux*, iii., 32.)

The crow, (*Corvus coronæ,*) Hesiod would have us believe, lives nine times as long as man, or six hundred and thirty years. "It seems well ascertained," says Montbeillard, "that this bird sometimes lives a century or more. In many cities of France, they have been known to attain to that distant period; and in all countries, and in all ages, they have been reckoned as birds extremely long-lived." In the *Magazine of Natural History*, (ix. 315,) is mentioned a carrion-crow which was known to be upwards of sixteen years old. In reference to its longevity, Shakspeare, in his *Passionate Pilgrim*, (xx.,) calls it "the treble-dated crow."

"The parrot," says Bacon, "hath been certainly known to have lived threescore years in England, how old soever he was before he was brought over."—(*Hist. of Life*, p. 10.) It is probable that Bacon, like most of the writers of his day, who have spoken of the parrot, means the rose-ringed parroquet, (*Palæornis torquatus*) Mr. W. H. White states, that on May 8, 1836, a parrot died, which had lived in one family, eighty-two years, and which he estimates to have been, in truth, eighty-five years old. He

adds, that he is informed, that another parrot has been living in a family in London for upwards of one hundred years; but it is very feeble, showing every characteristic of old age.—(*Magazine of Natural History*, ix., 377.)—Bechstein says, "there are some parrots which have lived more than a century."—(*Cage Birds*, introduction, p. 25.) The celebrated parrot of Colonel O'Kelly, is stated, in the *Tablet of Memory*, to have died at the age of thirty.

Ash-coloured parrots, (*Psittacus erithacus*,) when treated with care, have lived for sixty years.—(*Cage Birds*, 95.)

"The peacock lives twenty years, and he comes not forth with his Argus eyes before he be three years old."—(*Hist. of Life*, p. 10.)

Common fowls, "as they are kept only for profit, and in a few years become unfit for generation, there are few that from mere motives of curiosity will make the curious experiment of maintaining a proper number till they die. Aldrovandus hints their age to be ten years, and it is probable that this may be its extent.—(*Goldsmith's Natural History*, p. 67.) Captain Brown furnishes instances of hens attaining the ages of thirteen or fifteen years, at which time they began to assume the male plumage so exactly as to deceive many beholders.

"Pheasants and partridges may live to sixteen years.—(*Hist. of Life*, p. 10.)

"Ringdoves are long livers, insomuch that they attain sometimes to fifty years."—(*Ibid.*, p. 10.)

Stock-doves, (*Columba ænas.*) "will not live above five or six years."—(*Cage Birds*, 396.) Smellie mentions pigeons which lived to the ages of twenty and of twenty-two years.

The collared turtle-dove, (*C. risoria*,) will live seven years.—(*Cage Birds*, 402.)

A heron was once taken in Scotland, which had a silver plate attached to its leg, bearing an inscribed record, certifying that it had been struck thirty-five years previously by hawks belonging to the Elector of Cologne. Keysler says that the age of this species may exceed sixty years.

A Numidian, or demoiselle, crane, (*Ardea virgo*,) lived in the menagerie at Versailles for twenty-four years.

A water-hen, (*Rallus porzana*,) lived five years in the house of M. De Schauroth.—(*Cage Birds*, 421.)

A sea-gull, (*Larus*,) which for fourteen years was in the habit of visiting the George Hotel, at Castleton, Isle of Man, to receive the alimentary donations and friendly caresses of the landlord, is mentioned by Mr. Murray.—(*Magazine of Natural History*, vi., 146.)

The Skua-gull will live twelve years.—(*Selby's Illustrations of British Ornithology*, vol. ii., p. 516, note.)

Swans are said by Goldsmith to have lived three hundred years. Bacon says they exceed "not unfrequently an hundred years."—(*Hist. of Life*, p. 10.) In the *Morning Chronicle*, September 25, 1833, is a record of the death of a celebrated swan, known for many years as "the old swan of Dun," at the age of two hundred years. Mr. Molleson, who has preserved the bird in his museum, thinks it would have attained a greater age had it not been for an obstruction at the top of the windpipe. "It is asserted that, in Alkmar, a town in the north of Holland, there died, in the year 1672, a swan belonging to the municipality, which bore on its collar the date of 1573, and must, consequently, have been a century old; and several other instances of a similar nature have been related by authors."—(*Zoological Gardens Illustrated*, ii., 170.)

The pelican, from a very early period, has been regarded as a long-lived bird. It is related that the Emperor Maximilian had a very large, tame pelican, which accompanied him and his army on their marches, and lived more than eighty years. Aldrovandus mentions one that lived at Mechlin, and was supposed to be fifty years old; and Turner, in his *Historium Avium*, mentions another of that age. Faber speaks of one kept by the Duke of Bavaria above forty years.

"The goose may pass amongst the long livers, though his food be commonly grass and such like kind of nourishment; especially the wild goose, whereupon this proverb grew amongst the Germans: *magis senex quam anser nivalis*,—older than a wild goose."—(*Hist. of Life*, p. 10.) "We have been assured by a friend of ours," says Willoughby, "that his father kept a goose, known to be fourscore years of age, and, as yet, sound and lusty, and like enough to have lived many years longer, had he not been forced to kill her for mischievousness, worrying and destroying the young geese and goslings." The same author elsewhere states, that credible persons have told him, "that a goose will live a hundred years and more."

The duck's age does not appear to have been observed. It is related, however, that in digging the foundation for All Souls' College, Oxford, a live mallard, of a large size, was discovered, confined in a subterranean gutter, or drain; and the Rev. John Pointer, in his *Oxoniensis Academica; or, Antiquities and Curiosities of the University of Oxford*, (1749,) hints that this bird must have been of a considerable age.

Reptiles.—Little is known of the longevity of reptiles, because most persons entertain a singular, uncharitable, and unphilosophic dislike to all *crawling* creatures, and erroneously suppose every species of this class to be hurtful; hence they are seldom kept in a domesticated state. It is probable,

however, that when reptiles escape the attacks of man and other enemies, they live to a very great age.

A tortoise kept at Lambeth Palace, lived there one hundred and seven years. In *Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History*, (2nd series, p. 204,) it is stated, that Captain Gooch, of the Trinity House, procured, when in India, a live tortoise, which had belonged to Lord Clive, when he was governor-general, and which, it appeared, from corroboration elicited on inquiring its age, was not less than two hundred years old. It died soon after its arrival in England, having been devoured by rats, who left nothing but its shell. A tortoise kept at Peterborough, lived two hundred and twenty years.

As toads, according to numerous statements, have been found inclosed in solid stone, and in blocks of wood, it may reasonably be concluded, that, at the time of their discovery, they were of very considerable age, as a great space of time must have necessarily elapsed to gradually effect their inclosure. Mr. John Murray has a preserved specimen of a toad which was found alive and inclosed at the depth of two hundred feet in a solid rock; and he believes that, in this and similar instances, the sepulture of the animal was contemporaneous with the formation of its rocky prison. It appears, from a newspaper account, that, at Orgon, in France, a live toad was found at the bottom of a deep well, which had been filled up during the previous one hundred and fifty years.—(*Magazine of Natural History*, ix., 458, 459.) Mr. Arscott mentions a toad that lived thirty years, at which age it died, not from natural decay, but from the attacks of a raven, (*British Zoology*, iii., 326;) and Jesse mentions another which was confined in a flower-pot for twenty years, at the expiration of which time, it was found to be alive and healthy.

The crocodile, Blumenbach infers analogically to live above one hundred years. In *Franzius's History of Brutes*, translated by N. W., (1670,) it is said of the crocodile, that "there is no creature, which, from so small a bigness, groweth to be such a great creature: he groweth so long as he liveth: he liveth sixty years, and groweth till he be seventeen, eighteen, or twenty cubits long."—(P. 227.)

The proteus may be kept alive for many years, by occasionally changing the water in which it is placed.—(*Davy's Consolations in Travel.*)

A very large, warty eft, (*Lacerta palustris*,) is stated by Captain Brown to have been found by him "in an old, wooden conduit, at Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, which had been stopped up at both ends for upwards of twenty years; so that the animal must have been, at least, that age, as it was not possible that it could obtain access, from the time the conduit was stopped up."—(*Brown's edition of White's Natural History of Selborne*, p. 52.)

(*To be continued.*)

Domestic Hints.

GAS COOKERY.

On the 17th of last month, Mr. James Sharp, of Northampton, delivered an interesting, experimental lecture on Cooking by Gas, at the New Hall, Leicester, before the members of the Mechanics' Institute, and a party of visiters, among whom were many ladies.

The lecture-table was covered with a table-cloth, upon which were culinary utensils of every description, plates, knives, and forks.

After a few preliminary remarks, in which he stated that he had accepted their invitation to explain his improvements in connexion with the gastronomic art, in the spirit of Dr. Johnson's remark, that "Whoever made two blades of grass grow where one grew before, deserved the thanks of his species."—Mr. Sharp observed, that, in a climate like ours, it was a most important desideratum, to procure the greatest quantity of heat at the smallest possible expense; and that the means for effecting this object were still very imperfect. A vast portion of the heat given out by coal in the ordinary way was wasted; but, by his improvement, no heat was lost, it was entirely economised.—He then proceeded to show the necessity of attending to the theory of radiation, stating that a rough, black surface would radiate 100 degress in the time that a bright one was radiating twelve, and referred to the experiments of Dr. Franklin to prove that dark substances absorbed heat more readily than light ones. His apparatus was constructed in strict accordance with the theory of heat—those parts intended to *absorb* heat, were rough and black; while the tops and sides, which were required to *retain* heat, were smooth and bright.

The lecturer then described the apparatus before his audience, first pointing out the boiler, containing four gallons of water, which was kept at the boiling point by a ring of gas flame underneath, scarcely half an inch in height. On each side of the boiler was a capacious steamer, in one of which Mr. S. announced his intention of cooking a salmon, a plum pudding, a piece of bacon, and a fowl, adding that each should have its genuine flavour when cooked, neither tasting nor smelling of the other kinds of food. This was, doubtless, a startling assertion to many of his auditors; but the "proof of the pudding was in the eating," and he hoped they would defer their judgment till the close of the lecture, when he intended to serve up supper to as many as should honour him with their company. His steamers being in immediate connexion with the boiler, very

little condensation water was collected; and, there being no medium to convey the flavour, was the reason that the different articles of food were untainted. The boiler would also supply hot water for all purposes; and, on the top, several small saucepans were arranged, for preparing sauces, boiling eggs, &c. The roasting apparatus consisted of a tin case, about four feet high, by two feet square, with a door opening in front. At the bottom was a circular row, (about fifteen inches in diameter,) of gas-burners, over the centre of which a fine leg of mutton was roasting, and at the top was an oven, containing an apple pie. The lecturer remarked, that he might be told, that he was baking instead of roasting; but if his auditors inquired into the difference between roasting and baking, they would be convinced that he was actually roasting; in an oven, the air was confined, but, in his contrivance, it circulated freely, and that constituted the difference. By his plan, the meat neither required turning nor basting; and, owing to the facility of regulating the heat, game of every description was cooked in a very superior manner; the dripping too, was so valuable, on account of its purity, that it would always pay for the the gas consumed in cooking.

The lecturer also exhibited contrivances for boiling green vegetables, baking Yorkshire pudding, stewing, frying, and broiling; stating that he had had considerable difficulty in accomplishing this last mode of cooking, thinking it impossible to broil without a gridiron. It occurred to him, however, that by using a concave pan, so that the fat could run from the meat to the sides of the vessel, he should be enabled to broil, and the result fully justified his opinion.

One of the great advantages of gas was, that the fire could be regulated to the greatest nicety by increasing or diminishing the supply of gas at the turncock. This not only saved great expense, but also much time. A large fire was created in an instant, and it was as quickly extinguished, when no longer wanted. For the same reason, cooking could be much more accurately performed by gas, as, for instance, in stove-preservers, &c., which required gentle simmering, or any precise quantum of heat in particular parts of their preparation. Cooking by gas requires no attendance. The cook knowing at what hour she wanted her dinner to be ready, and how long each dish would take to do, had only to put down each dish at a proportionate hour, after which she might go out, and lock up the house, until the hour of taking up the dinner. By this means also, one person could prepare a large dinner without assistance, which rendered cooking by gas particularly advantageous for large establishments. At the Bath Hotel, at Leamington, by means of the gas apparatus, which had only been put up a few days, the dinner, (at a guinea a head,) for 100 persons, was prepared in a superior manner by one cook, and without assistance. The economy was equally great; for it was found that a dinner for 50 persons could be cooked for 7*d.*, at the present price of gas in Leicester. He was now making, for the Angel Inn, at Northampton, an apparatus with eight roasting places, which would supply a constant succession of dinners and other hot meals.

Mr. Sharp also exhibited a small apparatus with three different reservoirs for heating water, beer, wine, and other liquids, by which a glass of cold water was raised to 111 degrees of heat in five seconds, according to the watch of one of the spectators. The gas flame which heated it was almost invisible, and cost only a halfpenny for twelve hours' constant burning. It was an excellent apparatus for nurseries, chemists' shops, inns, &c. The small gas pipes used for lighting houses were sufficiently large for cooking; and so far from danger, that mode of producing heat was much less dangerous than coal, from the presence of sparks, cinders, &c., and from the flames being sent up in the apparatus.

Mr. Sharp here referred to his watch, and announced that the supper must be ready. The apparatus was opened, the dishes served up, and every one invited to taste and convince themselves. This invitation the majority of spectators accepted; and all expressed themselves satisfied that the expectations raised by Mr. Sharp's savoury description had been fully realized. Every thing was excellently done, and notwithstanding that fish, pudding, fowl, bacon, and greens, had been steamed in the same steamer, no dish had contracted any unpleasant taste from its neighbour.*

[The reader should turn to the *Mirror*, vol. xxi., p. 105, for Mr. Loudon's detailed account of Mr. Hicks's Apparatus for Roasting Meat by Gas, which he may advantageously compare with the above description. He will not fail to remark that Mr. Loudon's doubt as to the suitableness of gas for country inns is set at rest by Mr. Sharp's success at Leamington and Northampton.]

IMPROVED BEE-HIVE.

An intelligent Correspondent to Mr. Loudon's *Gardener's Magazine*, describes the following improvements in the construction of a bee-hive. It is shaped like the butt of an ancient elm, and is placed on a block of timber in the ground.—It has a rural appearance, and is very useful in affording fresh honey occasionally, without injuring the bees. A door opens in the rear, and inside is a glass door, which you can open to take out as many of the combs as you wish. The bees do not swarm, nor are they any trouble

* Reported in the True Sun newspaper.

(Improved Bee-hive.)

after being once put into the hive, which is done in the same way as any other hive, by scenting the inside. The ends are two round boards; and rails of wood are nailed to these, and strong canvass nailed round, leaving only the door. Two slight, iron hoops are nailed over the canvass, in order to strengthen the rails, one going round at the top of the door, and the other at the bottom, so that the door is between the hoops. Another piece of canvass is then put over the first, and nailed all round as before, which makes the frame quite firm and strong. Now brush the canvass all over with thin paste made of flour and water, in order to fill the canvass and make it stiff, to keep the paint from going through the first canvass next the honey; and, when dry, give two coats of white paint. When the paint is dry, lay the whole surface over with strong putty, in imitation of the bark of the elm, ash, or any tree to your fancy. When dry, paint it as like the colour as you can, and stick pieces of moss and lichen in the putty from the trees. There may be some fixture on the top, to throw off the rain. This one has a large cone of the stone pine, for the bees to light upon. The sticks are fixed cross-wise, proceeding from the three entrance-holes to either side of the door in the rear. Currant bushes are growing up the two sides, and a few plants of thyme in front. The bee-holes in the bark look like key-holes, and they being the same as in the door, and painted like bark, are not noticed; they have brass outside shuts in cold weather.

The Public Journals.

LONDON.

By Mrs. Crowford.

I'm weary, I'm weary,—
This cold town is dreary,
The selfish and heartless pass gaily along;
If virtue comes hither,
Her garlands soon wither,
And darkness falls fast on the light of her song.

Proud city! proud city!
The wise and the witty,
The brave and the beautiful dwell in thy walls
Thou heapest up treasure,
Thou spreadest out pleasure,
'Till pleasure itself her pale votary palls.

What folly, what folly,—
What sad melancholy,—
What idiot pride passes onward in state!
How gay are the trappings,
How gorgeous the wrappings,
Surrounding the titled, the would-be-called great!

How lonely, how lonely,
The mind feels, that only
Regards this gay scene as a masquerade ball,
Where the tinsel and glitter
Hide hearts sad and bitter,
And art has provided a visor for all!

Here nightly, here nightly,
Though all looks so brightly,
Thy stones are baptised with the tears of the frail:
'Mid music and gladness,
The wild wail of madness,
And sigh of the sorrowful float on the gale.

Now dying, now dying,
How many are lying,
Like the deer that is wounded and left by the herd;
Their golden hopes blighted,
Their broken hearts slighted,
Their souls unrefreshed by token or word.

I'm weary, I'm weary.
This cold town is dreary:
Oh! give me the hearth in the home of my heart,
With fair looks to meet me,
And true hearts to greet me,
And nature's dear face, without painting or art.

The wild wood, the wild wood,
The light lay of childhood,
The hum of the hamlet, the chime of the bells,—
They waken emotion,
They kindle devotion,
Never felt in the city, with all its gay spells.

The Metropolitan.

THOUGHTS AND SENTIMENTS.

From J. P. Richter.

"No man ought to be privileged to laugh at mankind, but he who right heartily loves them."

Life.

Man has two minutes and a half to live—one to smile—one to sigh—and a half to love—for in the middle of this minute he dies.

But the grave is not deep—it is the shining tread of an angel that seeks us. When the unknown hand throws the last fatal dart at the head of man—then boweth he his head, and the dart only lifts the crown of thorns from his wounds.

Sympathy.

Two noble souls discover their relationship first by the like love that they bear to a third.

Two Friends.

Mute moved around them the vortices of love, and drew them nearer. They stretched out their arms to one another, and sank voiceless together, and betwixt the brothered souls lay nothing but two mortal bodies. Overwhelmed by the flood-tide of love and joy, for a minute their drunken eyes were closed—and when they looked up again, the solemn Night, with his suns sunk in the eternal depths, stood before them—the milky way, like the ring of Eternity, clasped the immeasurable space, the sharp sickle of the earthly moon came with a gentle cut upon the short days and joys of humanity.

But there was something there yet more high than the suns, yet more solid than the ring of eternity, and yet more bright than the sickle of the moon—and that was the undying friendship of two souls in two frail frames of dust.

Memory.

The distance of memory alone can change the drops of time through which we swim into the rainbow of enjoyment.

Memory—Hope.

Two perspective painters lead us, poor bewitched mortals, through the whole theatre of life, and these are *memory* and *hope*.

True Greatness.

Be *great* to despise the earth—be *greater* to honour it.

Rule of Life.

Man should carry life like a spirited falcon in his hands, allowing it to mount into the ether, and being able to call it back again to earth, whenever it is necessary.

Poetry.

Poetry is like a pair of *skates* which run flatly over the smooth crystal of the ideal, but are worse than a pair of Dutchman's shoes on the rough highway of life.

The Poetical Character.

Poetry forms its professors to no definite human character. Like horses trained to play tricks, they can put themselves into all sorts of strange and surprising postures—but they are generally useless on the road.

Money.

No man needs money so much as he who despises it.

Greek Literature.

The Greek literature is like the shafts of a mine, always warmer the deeper we penetrate, though it be cold on the surface; most modern poems have heat only on the outside.

How to value others.

It is a common error—of which a wise man will beware—to measure the worth of our neighbour by his conduct towards ourselves. How many rich souls might we not rejoice in the knowledge of, were it not for our pride!

Immortality.

Man were upon earth vanity and ashes, and smoke, did he not feel that he was so. O God! this feeling is our immortality!

Measure of Character.

All men are better than their ebullitions of evil—but they are also worse than their outbursts of noble enthusiasm.

Reviewers.

The Reviewers are seldom men who have written any books themselves, and in this way, they have the more time to read books written by other people, and to take them to pieces; or, if they have written books, they are generally bad ones; so that they can know at once from experience what a bad book is when it comes in their way. Many of them have become the patron-saints of authors and their books, for the same reason that St. Nepomuk is the patron saint of bridges, and of those who go upon them—because, on one occasion, happening to go half-drunk along the bridge at Prague, he fell into the Moldau, and was drowned.

Happiness—Misery.

To make us happy we require not much less than everything; to make us miserable, not much more than nothing will suffice.

Smooth waters.

The streams that run most rapidly do not run most clearly; water purifies itself by flowing calmly.

Superstition.

All the systems of heretics and heathens have some truth in them, just as the human face divine is repeated in the brute creation, with features that run more and more into caricature. No man *believes* absolute nonsense though he often *speaks* it.

Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness, which is a quality peculiar to man—a brute being capable only of enjoyment—opens, like Spring, all the blossoms of the inward man; a discontented God were a contradiction, and salvation is an eternity older than damnation. Try for a single day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind—be but for one day, instead of a fire-worshipper of passion and hell, the sun-worshipper of clear self-possession—and compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction, with that on which you have allowed it to grow up—and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate—truly you will wonder at your own improvement.

Scholarship.

What shall we say of our great, classical

scholars and philologists? Are they not—many of them at least—engaged in the soulless occupation of unrolling the mummy-bandages of the ancient graces? If we cannot see the graces except in the guise of a mangled mummy, it were better not to see them at all.

Life.

Life is an opium, it excites us a little at first, and then leaves us sleepy, weary, and disgusted!

Subordination.

An Englishman made the remark that, in madhouses, the idea of subordination is very seldom to be found: Bedlam is inhabited only by gods, kings, popes, and philosophers.

Self-Portraiture.

A man never portrays his own character better than by the way and manner in which he portrays the character of another.

The Perspective of Life.

What has life to show us but the glass door of heaven? Through this we see the highest beauty, and the highest bliss; but it is not open.

Character.

By Heaven! upon the same man, as upon a vine-planted mount, there grow more kinds of wine than one: on the south side something little worse than nectar, on the north side something little better than vinegar.

The Dutch Nation.

The Dutch are a cheaper edition of the Germans, on unsized paper, and without copperplates.

How to be Silent.

If you wish to speak, go into the company of those who speak little; but if you wish to learn silence, court the society of those who are eternally prattling.

A Friend.

A friend is to a friend sun, and sun-flower at once; he attracts, and he is attracted.—*Selected from Blackwood's Magazine.*

BACCHANALIA MEMORABILIA.—BY NIMROD.

(*Concluded from page* 171.)

CICERO, in a jocose letter to Pætus, announcing his intended visit to him, tells him that he shall not spoil his appetite by an antepast of Leucanian sausages, or by cloying sweet wines, before dinner. Of all liquors, coming under the denomination of wine, I believe none are more unwholesome than the greater part of what are called "made wines." My father was, I remember, loud in his praises of his home-made raisin-wine, which he classically called his "*passum*;" and often ventured a hint to my brother and myself, when at home in vacation time, and rather given to swig, that it was more wholesome than sherry, or even old port. But we produced Xenophon against him, and thus won the day. And this reminds me of an anecdote not much amiss. It is of a gentleman born and bred in the same parish with myself—a namesake of yours, Oliver Yorke, and a thorough-bred one—which you must be, or you would have stopped long ago, for you have certainly "gone the pace;" a young gentleman of large expectations, which, for all I know to the contrary, you yourself may also be; but supposed to be somewhat imbecile of intellect, which I am quite sure you are not. The following reply of his, however, will give rather a contrary impression. He was in the habit of visiting a widow lady in his neighbourhood, who had a marriageable daughter, and, no doubt, a match between her and the young squire would have been considered a good "catch." My neighbour, however, in those days of his probation, laid harder siege to the Madeira than to the daughter, at dinner, despite of the pressing invitations of his hostess to taste of her "excellent made wines, for which she had always been so famed." Having at length prevailed, she ventured to ask for an opinion. "I always give a candid one," said her guest, "when eating and drinking are concerned. *It is admirable stuff to catch flies.*"

And yet the wine of all others which I most dislike, is that cheat upon the palate called Cape Madeira, the introduction of which into England has made our sherries worse than they were before. I once met with this vile stuff at the table of a gentleman, in possession of good twenty thousand a-year. It was, however, I believe, the last time of its appearance; for on one of the party—a near relation, who mistook it for Madeira—putting it to his lips, he exclaimed, loud enough for his host to hear, "Oh, curse this Cape! I wish the place was sunk."

Perhaps one of the most ludicrous circumstances, connected with wine at table, occurred at that of my father, in my childhood; but the story was too often related in my presence afterwards, not to insure a correct knowledge of the facts. There resided in his neighbourhood a wealthy vicar, of great capacity, both of mind and body; the first arising from the highest endowments of nature, with the addition of a Hackney and Cambridge cultivation of them: the second from that aptitude to acquire bulk which Earl Spencer would admire in a bullock, for he was neither a gourmand nor a drinker. The worthy vicar, however, was afflicted with the gout—not only in his toes, but in his stomach; and my father, in his regard for him, generally produced, when he came to dine with him, a bottle of very old malmsy Madeira, which he called his *Arvisium*. On one occasion—and it nearly proved a fatal one—a bottle was uncorked, and the whole party partook of it;

XUM

but the vicar had the lion's share, having drunk two glasses. Shortly after dinner, his complexion altered all at once, and he looked pale. "My dear," said his wife to him, "you don't look well."—"My dear," he replied, "I was just going to say the same of you." However, to come at once to the climax, the whole party became excessively sick, almost all vomiting at the same time; and as it was immediately after the Salt Hill affair, when thirteen persons were poisoned to death by their dinner, they all gave themselves up for lost. As may readily be supposed, medical assistance was sent for with all haste, and arrived as speedily as the occasion required. "A second Salt Hill affair, I fear," whispered the doctor in my father's ear, who was not quite so ill as the rest; "I must immediately examine your copper stewpans." There was, however, nothing poisonous in them. "Your wine," resumed he, "I must taste that;" when, lo, and behold! this fine old malmsy Madeira proved to be fine old antimonial wine! How it got where it was found never could be accounted for, unless by the fact of my mother having been in the habit of doctoring all the neighbouring poor, and having, amongst other medicines from Apothecary's Hall, an annual supply, in quart bottles, of this, the favourite vomit of those days; and which, by an oversight of a servant, was mistaken for wine. When all danger was over, and the vicar put to bed in *puris naturalibus*—for no garment in the house would hold him—it was a subject of great mirth; and, as good is often the result of evil, his health was much improved by the sort of Augean cleansing that his stomach sustained.

With respect to Burgundy wine—formerly esteemed in England as the king of wines, and of which the vineyards are said to be as old as the age of the Antonines—the following curious fact came to my knowledge since my residence in France. It is well known that amongst the various phenomena of natural history, is that of sea air being injurious to Burgundy wine. A merchant in Calais informed me that, a few years back, he had a large quantity of this choice wine in bottles, which he feared to send to England, as he suspected the soundness of it. In fact, it would have been returned to him had he done so. Having a château in the country, at about ten miles' distance, he sent it thither; and in one year's time it was as fine wine as he had ever had in his possession. Again, there is a prejudice against this wine, as injurious to health; but on my mentioning it to an eminent French physician, he scouted it, saying a more wholesome or more nourishing wine than good Burgundy cannot be found—taken, of course, in moderation. For my own part, I never found ill effects from a few glasses of it, which I now and then indulge in; and I have purchased some very good, in Calais, at three francs per bottle. With respect to Champagne, also, I learned what I did not know before. The coloured sorts, that we think superior, are made *after the white*, which is the most pure, as not being loaded with other wines. The former kinds are chiefly for Great Britain, the principal market for all impure wines.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

New Books.

PRINCE LUCIEN BUONAPARTE'S MEMOIRS.

[By aid of the *Metropolitan*, we obtain a glance at this very promising work. It need scarcely be observed that the autobiography of the Prince of Canino must teem with the stirring interest of adventure, as our specimens testify.]

The Prince's Family.

When the revolution opened in 1789, the grand era of political reform, I entered my fifteenth year. After having been alternately for some time at the College of Autun, and at the Military School of Brienne, lastly at the seminary of Aix in Provence, I returned to Corsica. My mother, a widow in the prime of her life, devoted herself to the care of her numerous family. Joseph, the eldest of her children, was twenty-two years of age, and seconded her attentions to us with ardour, and with a paternal affection. Napoléon, two years younger than Joseph, was just returned from France with our sister, Marianne-Eliza, from the Ecole Royale of St. Cyr. Louis, Jerome, Pauline, and Caroline, were all children. A brother of my father, the Archidriere Lucien, was become the chief of our family, and though gouty and bedridden for some time past, he watched over our interests without ceasing. If providence had struck us with a cruel blow in depriving us so early of our father, it compensated for that loss, as far as possible, in leaving us yet for some time that excellent uncle, and in endowing the best of mothers with that spirit of constancy, and strength of soul, of which the future that opened before us, furnished the opportunity of giving abundant proofs in a course of wonderful prosperity, as well as in that long exile which still holds us beneath its inexorable influence, and to the termination of which she had not the consolation to look forward in her dying hour. A brother, worthy of our mother, the Abbé Fesch, completed our family.

Although holding one of the first ranks in the island in every respect, our fortune was not very brilliant. Several voyages of my father to France, where he was deputy of the noblesse to Louis XVI., and the expenses of our education, superior to his means, notwithstanding the benefits he derived from

government, had much impoverished our fortune.

The education of my two elder brothers upon the continent, mine, and the deputations of our father to Paris, had rendered us entirely French. Corsica had been declared, since the 30th of November, 1789, an integral part of the monarchy; and that declaration, which had satisfied the wishes of the islanders, had completely effaced from their minds the bitter remembrance of the conquest. The philosophical ideas, and revolutionary agitations which prevailed upon the continent, fermented also in our heads; and no one hailed with more ardour than we did, the dawn of 1789. Joseph entered into the administration of the departments. Napoléon, prepared by serious studies to march with giant steps in his career of prodigies—and the third brother, a mere boy, ran to throw himself into the popular societies with the lively enthusiasm of a youthful and ardent head, filled with the remembrances of college, and the great names of Rome and Greece.

The Reign of Terror.

I had departed with the deputation from Ajaccio; and a favourable wind wafted us to France in twenty-four hours. I had left it about four years, without having finished my studies at the seminary at Aix; and I was about to re-appear in it, charged with a political mission. My vanity was exalted to so high a pitch, that I fancied myself a personage of sufficient importance to attract the notice of the crowd which covered the port of Marseilles, where we landed in the evening. We scarcely allowed ourselves a moment of repose, so great was our anxiety to arrive at the popular Society. In a vast saloon, which admitted very little light, were seated the members of the Society, all of them with red caps upon their heads. The galleries were filled with noisy women. As soon as the president had announced that a deputation of patriots from Corsica were the bearers of important news, a hearing was allowed us, and I was called to the tribune, before I had thought of what I had to say. I began by declaring that the nation was betrayed in Corsica, and that we were come to invoke the aid of our brothers. As I was ignorant at that moment of the flight of our family, I did not then feel any personal hatred against Paoli: I wished to keep fair with him; but the acclamations from the galleries augmented in proportion to the violence of my words, and, for the first time, I experienced how much the passions of those who listen have power over those who speak. Carried away by the cries and applauses from the galleries, I soon began to talk in a manner calculated to increase their excitement. It was not only a speedy succour that I demanded, but I painted Paoli as having abused the national confidence, and as having only returned into his island that he might deliver it up to the English. They, above all, were not spared in my figures of rhetoric. It was the chord most likely to touch the feelings of my auditors, and I made it my favourite theme. I was overpowered with caresses and compliments; they would not let me quit the tribune; and I chattered away for about two hours at random. Motion upon motion succeeded one after the other. An order for printing my speech, a message to the administrators of the department to send troops to the aid of Ajaccio, a deputation of three members to accompany us to the Jacobins of Paris, to denounce the treason of Paoli, and to demand vengeance;—all these measures were adopted with rejoicing and unanimity. My colleagues not having funds sufficient for the journey to Paris, I determined upon accompanying the deputies of Marseilles alone, and we left the assembly together at midnight.

Solitude and repose having calmed my mind, the image of that Paoli, who for so long a time had been the object of my worship, began to trouble my inmost soul, in a manner that very much resembled remorse. I called to mind our conversations at Mostino; I had been uttering without premeditation sentiments in direct opposition to those which for several months I had heard proceed from lips which I revered. Furious cries against Paoli had replied to my impassioned eloquence. They had associated with me, to accompany me to Paris, a set of men, whose repulsive aspect, savage language, and the *ton* of the *Halles* in their manners, had disagreeably surprised me. After an agitated sleep, I awoke discontented and undecided. The Marseillese deputies came to fetch me to breakfast with them at the café: I followed them. They conducted me to the Cannebière, the principal street of Marseilles. I admired that long place, surrounded with superb edifices. An immense crowd of men, women, and children, were walking, and pushing against each other to get on. I inquired of one of the *Brothers* and *Friends*,* if it was a day of festival. "O no," he replied with great tranquillity, "it is only about twenty aristocrats, who are giving us a little trouble: don't you see them?" I looked in the direction to which he pointed, * * * *. and I beheld the guillotine, red with blood, at work! * * * There were some of the richest merchants whom they had for above a quarter of an hour been murdering! and that crowd, whom their bounty had so often fed, were walking in the street of the Cannebière to enjoy the spectacle! and the shops were full of customers as usual, and the cafés were open! * * and the cakes and gingerbread were circulating around us as upon the

* Names which the Jacobins gave themselves.

day of a fair!!! Never shall I forget the first time I walked in the streets of Marseilles.

I left the coffee-house, upon I know not what pretext, as soon as possible, and I declared the next day that I would not go to Paris; that the deputies of the Marseillese club did not want me to accompany them to fulfil their mission, and that I should await the promised succours to return to Corsica with my companions.

A few days afterwards my fugitive family arrived in the port of Marseilles, deprived of every resource, but full of courage and in good health. Joseph, Napoléon, and myself, struggled against our ill-fortune. Napoléon, an officer of artillery, devoted the chief part of his salary towards the support of his family. Joseph was appointed commissary of war, and I was placed in the administration of the military subsistences. Under the title of refugee patriots, we obtained rations of bread; and these moderate succours sufficed to maintain us, aided, above all, by the good management and economy of our excellent mother. The recital of the dangers that she had run, the burning of our property, and the order to seize us, dead or alive, that had been given by Paoli, would soon have vanquished all further scruples on my part; and I should have gone to Paris very willingly, if the Marseillese deputation had not already set out. At the same time my employment required my presence at St. Maximin, a small town, a few leagues distant from Marseilles; and I went there to succeed the keeper of the military stores, who was promoted to the rank of inspector.

The republic had been but a few months in existence; and its arms, victorious over foreigners, plunged deeper every day into his own vitals. Already the populace were become too much accustomed to the scaffold. "*Woe to those who stop!*" said the savage Collet d'Herbois. The orators of the Gironde, grown wise too late, and desirous of enjoying their victory, had wished to stop, when the 31st of May arrived to overthrow them. The departments that had embraced their defence had laid down their arms. Danton and Robespierre had pushed the republic beyond all limits. To mark with one word that melancholy epoch, the title of *Moderate* was a sentence of death. The constitution, purely democratic, of 1793, was little worthy of its author, the philosopher Condorcet: although accepted by the primary assemblies, it was about to be suspended as impracticable; and the dictatorship of the convention was sustained by the *levée en masse*, by the laws against the suspected, by the forced loan, and the maximum; but, above all, by the irresistible valour of our armies, who had thrown down all obstacles before them. The convention marched victorious up to its knees in blood. * * Lyons and La Vendée alone dared to resist that terrible dictation; every commune in France, from the largest to the smallest, had a club and revolutionary committee, which absorbed all the power, when the commissaries of the Convention were absent. Such was the crisis which agitated all the fibres of society, when I found myself launched, at eighteen years of age, in the middle of Provence, separated from my family, far from all my beloved countrymen, alone, a stranger without acquaintance, in a town divided into parties furiously exasperated against each other.

* * * * *

The good inhabitants of St. Maximin let me do as I pleased; they were as well satisfied with our theatrical representations, as with the declamations from the tribune. The women were delighted that there had never been a single victim in our little town, and that we performed comedies; I believe, indeed, that at that period there very few communes of which they could say so much good.

But a storm from the higher regions was about to burst over our heads. Barras and Fréron were at Marseilles!

Some months which had elapsed after my arrival at St. Maximin had been filled with the successes and crimes of the Jacobins. In September, Lyons had fallen; Collet d'Herbois and Fouché de Nantes, had *courageously* destroyed with grape-shot the vanquished population, and pulled down with French hands the finest edifices of the second town of France, which, forty years afterwards, was doomed to be again delivered up to the horrors of civil war. The army of General Carteau, with whom was Napoléon, was besieging Toulon. The proscriptions of the suspected, organized more widely by the law of Merlin de Douai, extended over three hundred thousand citizens, and consigned them without mercy to the dictatorship of each of the communes.

In October, Marie Antoinette was dragged to the scaffold in a tumbril, with her hands tied, in the midst of six hundred thousand Parisians, stupified and trembling before a handful of brigands.

In November, the assassins deified themselves with their mock worship of reason; for that reason, which they endeavoured to substitute for the gospel, was but the idol bathed with human blood, which presided over their frantic orgies. The heads of the Girondins, of Bailli, and Lavoisier, those worthy interpreters of true reason, were the first sacrifices of the new worship. Powerful members of the Convention traversed the departments to prevent the rage of the populace from cooling. Barras and Fréron were at Marseilles!

Our little commune vainly hoped to escape from their lynx eyes. Some miserable denun-

ciator had informed them that St. Maximin had not furnished the smallest repast for the guillotine, and that in the house of our suspected, open to the families of the prisoners, they were sufficiently calm to make a practice of amusing themselves with the charms of music. They immediately took the resolution of destroying such a *scandal* and two *familiars of the representative inquisition were charged to put us in the right road.*

THE OAKLEIGH SHOOTING CODE.

(*Concluded from page* 154.)

[The following passages contain some interesting observations, though we cannot add, unexceptionable reasoning, upon]

Cruelty to Animals.

There are those who deem shooting a criminal exercise of that power which is given us over the brute creation; but they seldom favour us with an argument to bring us over to their way of thinking, nor shall we attempt to justify ours. We may perhaps be permitted to string a few sentences together, not so much by way of argument, as to show the question in some of its bearings in relation to other practices and *sports!* Let us not be considered as the apologists for field-sports generally; our business is only with shooting, as practised at Oakleigh. A few lines from James Montgomery may serve for a preface—

A life at every meal, rapacious hawk!
Spare helpless innocence!

——Troth, pleasant talk!
You swallow snaps more lives up in a day
Than in a twelvemonth I could take away.
But hark, most gentle censor, in your ear,
A word, a whisper,—you—are you quite clear?
Creation's groans, through ocean, earth, and sky,
Ascend from all that walk, or swim, or fly.

Nothing can be more crude than the prevailing notions of cruelty and humanity. Brute suffering is estimated on a graduated scale, according to the corporeal bulk of the sufferer. A degree of cruelty is daily practised towards the smaller animals, a fiftieth part of which, exercised on the larger kinds, would bring the person inflicting it into contempt. A parent will suffer a child to mangle a cockchaffer, or lop off the limb of some luckless reptile, that is left to crawl as it best can in its mutilated state; but if that parent were wantonly to maim an ox, he would be ever after scouted from society. Laws are made for the protection of the larger animals, while the smaller are left at the mercy of individuals. The story of the old lady, who thought it less cruel to clean a chimney by drawing up, by their necks, a couple of live ducks, than by drawing up a goose, is no unfair burlesque on the current, undigested notions of humanity. How many pathetic things have been said and written on the sufferings of a lobster! But what sensitive creature, discussing a plate of shrimps, ever expressed a kindred sympathy in favour of the smaller victims, which, for aught we know, are equally susceptible of pain? Wordsworth says that—

—he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy.

But so it is; the idea of any minute creature suffering pain is treated with ridicule. If insects in the garden, or flies in the house are to be destroyed, how indifferent are we in what manner the myriads perish! But if a horse or an ox is to be killed, how solicitous are we to put it to death in the least painful manner. We compassionate the sufferings, which we, as it were, see; but not those which do not come under our immediate observation, though we are as well assured of the existence and reality of these, as of those.

There must be a line of demarcation between cruelty and humanity; but, with the limited knowledge we possess, we are sad bunglers at discovering it. We can perform few bodily actions, perhaps none, without inflicting pain or causing death. The Brahmin, whose pathway is swept before him, lest he should inadvertently crush a worm or ant, occasions an infinite greater amount of suffering and death by the very means he takes to prevent them, than would take place if he neglected to adopt the superstitious precaution.

The constant tendency of animals to multiply so as to be injurious to each other, and also to vegetable productions, the Rev. W. Kirby says, "renders it necessary that some bounds should be set to their increase, which Providence effects by letting them loose against each other. The great object of the Creator is the maintenance of the whole system of creation in order and beauty, and this he is pleased to accomplish, not always by the *concord*, but by the seeming *discord* of the agents he employs."—*Habits and Instincts of Animals*, vol. i. p. 141.

Were it not so ordered—were, for instance, partridges suffered to live unmolested until they died from disease or old age, and there were no other check upon their increase, they would soon produce a famine in any land. That the strong must destroy the weak or both would perish, is a law of nature. Since, then, it is necessary to the maintenance and preservation of the various species of animals by which the earth is inhabited, that a large majority of those animals should perish by the rapacity of others, is it cruelty in man to reduce the number of the natural enemies of such as are preyed upon, and take into his own hands their destruction, which he effects in a more speedy manner than their natural enemies?

In a state of nature, the undue increase of partridges is prevented by the rapacity of birds of the hawk species. Birds of prey

are nearly extinct in these islands. That source of constant terror, the hovering glede, is removed, "the mortal enemy's awa'," and partridges now repose and fatten in our stubble-fields, in Elysian security. The bird killed by the fowling-piece suffers a less painful and protracted death than that which dies from disease or old age, or is torn to pieces by the talons of the kite!

It may be asserted that it is more humane to use the net than the gun; but not easily proved. Every bird entangled in the net suffers a death of fright before a death proper.

The truth seems to be that the field-sports, in common with numberless acts daily practised, the humanity of which was never questioned, cannot, strictly speaking, be justified. We must, as Fox said, when drawn into a controversy on field-sports, have recourse to "authority and precedent rather than argument," and content ourselves "with rather excusing than justifying them." We would rather shift the question, and inquire into the *innocency* of other *sports*, universally admitted to be harmless amusements. We will name only ornamental gardening, and the practical study of botany, which are pursued by those who would not "hurt a fly."

A year's cultivation of a small ornamental garden, will occasion more suffering than all the shooters in England occasion in the same time. The person who removes a polyanthus or evergreen shrub "disturbs the economy of Nature's realm" as much as he who fires into a covey of birds: the probability is that only one bird is killed, but that half-a-dozen worms are cut asunder. The shooter has no bad feeling towards the birds, any more than the gardener bears enmity to the worms. The sportsman kills partridges not so much for food as for *pastime;* the ornamental garden is perfectly useless, and the spade is plunged into the ground, as if the sod were tenantless, for the pastime of the cultivator! The graduated scale is here visible again; the worm and the ant are small and insignificant, compared with the partridge! A microscope will inform the collector of flowers and plants what he is about, better than we can. In general, the study of botany is pursued for *pastime*, and not with a view to adding to the general stock of knowledge of mankind, or there would not be the shadow of a pretext for branding it *cruel!* May we ask whether it is more cruel to shoot at a covey of partridges than to pluck a rose?

The Gatherer.

Roast Pig.—How this *morceau* from Tieta's *Constantinople*, just published, would have gratified poor *Elia*.—The Russian ambassador, M. Von Bulgakow, who, during the last year of the preceding century, was, for some time, an inhabitant of the Seven Towers, discovered a safe and clever mode of receiving intelligence from his friends on the exterior. Having a most extraordinary appetite for roast pig, his agents endeavoured, by frequently sending him this dish, to gratify his wishes. The well-known prejudice of the Turks against pork made the then existing Janissaries pass by the messengers with rapidity, without bestowing on them the requisite inspection. Had they but known that the *stuffing* of the little animal consisted of important letters, they would not, probably, have hesitated as to his dissection. But the Turks are a kindly people, and very little prone to suspicion.—"Allah kerim!" they would exclaim; "if *He* had wished that the correspondence should be discovered, some *miracle* would, doubtlessly have exposed the inside of the pig to light."

Russian Sledge-drivers.—M. Von Tietz, in his recent *Travels*, says:—"During my winter journey, I have often amused myself with listening to a conversation between a driver and his horses. We might then hear, 'Fie, fie, old brown one, you ought to be ashamed to be so idle! Look at the gelding, he is much smaller than you, and yet runs better. You will soon make me cross, and I shall then be forced to beat you. Blows hurt you—hark! (He then strikes the sledge with his whip, and continues)—So, so, old brown one! that's all right. Now you run well. When we arrive, you shall have a good feed. Run! run! I'll sing you an amusing song.' He now commences singing; and it seems actually as if the animals understood him."

Louis Philippe is a man of sense, endowed with a just though not a keen discernment, and with fluency rather than with eloquence; resolute without boldness, prudent without timidity, apt for business, fond of details, and rising gradually from the details to the whole of a subject; himself actively engaged in the work of government, more calculating than observing, never deferring any thing till the morrow, yet always ready to wait for what the morrow may bring, and thus possessing the qualities which most become a sovereign at an epoch of transition.—*British and Foreign Review*, No. 5.

London and Greenwich Railway.—Since the commencement of the partial running of the Company's trains, there have been 300,000 passengers on this railway.

Epitaph, in Otley Church, on Helen, wife of Thomas, Lord Fairfax:—

Here Leah's fruitfulness, here Rachel's beauty,
Here lyeth Rebecca's faith, here Sarah's duty.

ANNE R.

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